Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1739.

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THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 14, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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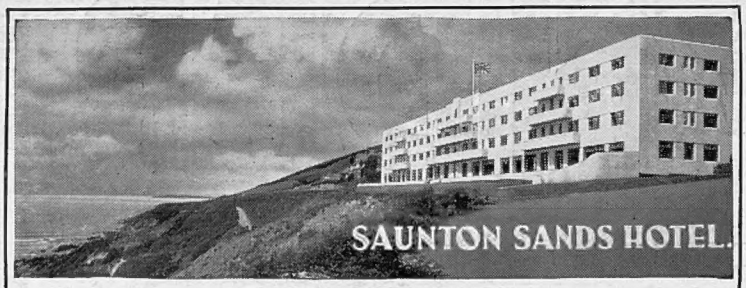

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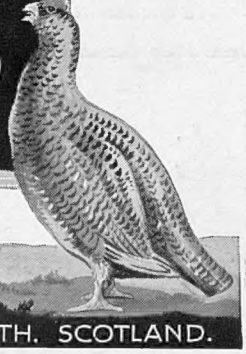

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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The Bystander, April 14, 1937

Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1739

The Bystander

Mireille Balin Makes Her London Screen Debut

To-night, in the Curzon Cinema, at the premiere in aid of the Feathers Club for Children of Julien Duvivier's *Pépé le Moko*, an English audience will see for the first time the screen figure of Mireille Balin. Paris is already at her feet, its best society, its film studios, its wireless stations. It is said by those who are foolhardy enough to classify such affairs that she is the sixth most beautiful woman in the world. She is a brilliant card-player and billiards-player, a traveller, a close friend of the Caid of Telwat, heir of that wealthy and powerful ally of France, the Chief El Galoui. She visits Marrakech regularly, so is well suited by "Pépé le Moko," whose hero (Jean Gabin) rules the criminal population in Algiers native quarter. This picture only gives a small idea of Mlle. Balin's attractions

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE House of Commons reassembled last week after its Easter holiday and, contrary to what you might suppose, it did not come back full of life and renewed vigour. In fact, during the debate on the first day it really looked as if everyone except the actual orator was sound asleep. There were certain moments, as a matter of fact, when it sounded as if the orator was asleep too. At any moment one expected a repetition of Mr. Campbell Stephen's magnificent gesture of three weeks ago when he stopped in the middle of his own speech and yawned. The only Minister who, so far, has shown any vigour has been the invincible Mr. Ernest Brown. Nothing can daunt Mr. Brown's pugnacity, and nothing can stop his flow of words once he has got started. He is like a serious-minded Max Baer, strong, skilful, talkative and resilient.

THE proposal to pay a salary of £2000 a year to the Leader of the Opposition at first sounds very reasonable. By a comical twist very typical to the English mind, it would be almost impossible to carry on the King's Government unless there was someone officially opposing it. But the more one looks at it, the more the difficulties appear. For instance, the salary would come up for debate with the Ministerial Salaries on Supply, and so the Leader of the Opposition would find himself automatically opposing his own salary. Again, suppose that there was another financial crisis—which Heaven forbid!—and the Ministers voted a ten per cent. cut on all salaries, the Leader of the Opposition would find himself in the awkward position of opposing his own cut. Or again, supposing—which is very unlikely, but none the less possible—that the Opposition was returned with almost equal numbers of Socialists and Liberals, there might be a wrangle over the leadership, which would look slightly comic if it implied a wrangle over a salary.

I think Mr. Attlee will have to refuse it. But it will be a great pity in many ways if he has to.

IT is now rumoured very strongly that when Mr. Baldwin retires from the Premiership and is succeeded by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the new Chancellor will be Sir John Simon. The other nominees in the race have been Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Walter Runciman. Up to a few days ago Sir Samuel (the Golden Miller of the Tory Stable) was a warm favourite. But now it appears that Sir John is likely to nose him out on the post. And if he does, there will be some sad hearts among the lesser Liberal Nationals. For if their chief picks a plum, they will probably only get a large amount of sour grapes. But it 's their look-out and not mine. So tra, la, la as my colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, would say.

THE antics of Government Departments must be a perpetual source of despair to "Beachcomber," Timothy Shy, and the other funny boys who have to invent a new thing every day to make the public laugh. For example, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has just announced that there are to be new regulations for the protection of young fish, especially "megrims and witches." The Oxford Dictionary defines a megrim as a "whim, fancy, fad," and in the plural as "vapours or 'blue devils'"; in animals it can mean the "staggers." As for witches, I think it would be safer not to enter into details. Anyway, they are to be officially protected at last. Unofficially, witches have not needed protection for at least twenty years.

THIS week's news from the Lord Palmerston front: a British merchant-ship has been captured off Bilbao on the high seas by a cruiser flying no recognised flag, and only rescued by three British destroyers. A protest has been lodged with the proprietor of the cruiser. A British journalist is reported to be in a prison in Malaga, untried and uncharged. No request for information about him has yet been sent by the Foreign Office to the present proprietor of the prison.

NAZI diplomacy has once again made life very difficult for people in this country who would like to see a closer friendship between England and Germany. The outburst of rage in Berlin against the South African Government, on the subject of the former German colony in South West Africa, can only be of great help to those who are determined that not one inch of colony shall be given back to Germany. A lot can be done in Britain by persuasion, but almost nothing by bluster. And every time Germany blusters about colonies, Sir Henry Page-Croft must have a sleepless night through laughter.

(Concluded on page 48)

Author and Star Dancer

Louis Golding and Vera Zorina were at the "Smorrebrod" lunch-party at the May Fair in connection with the High Spirit Ball in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Institution on April 21st at Grosvenor House. Louis Golding's new book, "The Dance Goes On," has a Russian ballerina as heroine; Vera Zorina is the lovely dancer-star of "On Your Toes"

Rehearsal of a New Play

Emlyn Williams' new play, "He Was Born Gay," has started its pre-London run in Glasgow; he and Carol Goodner, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies and John Gielgud were at work on it in London last week. Emlyn Williams wrote the play with John Gielgud in his mind; he has a small but important part himself at the end of the story, and has also produced it. It is Gielgud's first modern part for a year or two

Last week the Queen took her daughters to the first of four concerts for children arranged in celebration of the Coronation by Mr. Robert Mayer. Malcolm Sargent conducted the programme of English music which included a specially composed Fantasy by Sir Walford Davies, dedicated to the two Princesses

The Queen and the Princesses at a Concert for Children

Princess Elizabeth, like all the children who go to the Robert Mayer concerts, was absorbed in the music and the explanations and piano illustrations given by Dr. Sargent. He makes his young audiences laugh a good deal, too

Royal Events

The Duchess of Gloucester in West Ham and at Cheltenham

Right: the Duchess of Gloucester had some busy days last week. On Tuesday she went from Aldershot to Cheltenham to open a new wing of the Cheltenham General and Eye Hospital, and on Wednesday she opened a new block of flats in West Ham, built by the Church Army Housing Scheme. To all the Royal routine of openings and inspections she brings a charm and unaffected friendliness and interest that delights everyone she meets

The Passing Hour

(*Continued from page 46*)

THIS week's sensation in Imperial affairs—a sensation which is likely to cause the gravest alarum and misgiving among all Imperially-minded citizens, not the least among whom are the readers of the BYSTANDER, is the news that the island of Dominica is to be transferred from the Leeward Islands to the Windward Islands.

I THINK that everyone with any historical sense will agree that the world is not progressing forwards just now. There is probably more cruelty being perpetrated to-day than at any time for hundreds of years, and there is certainly more stupidity in the world. We are all accustomed to knowing this, but somehow it still comes as a shock each time we hit upon a new example. A few days ago the municipality of Vienna altered the name of a tenement house in their famous re-building scheme because it was called after Heine. Over a large surface of civilised, cultured, Christian Europe it is considered a disgrace to be associated in any way at all with that loveliest and gayest and wittiest and most soft-hearted of poets.

THE ancient almshouses at Harefield of Middlesex were scheduled the other day for destruction, and so we gave them up for lost. But a miracle has happened and they are to be preserved and repaired. They were built by Alice, wife of the fifth Earl of Derby, who died in 1637. And, of course, in the neighbouring mansion Queen Elizabeth was once entertained (it is recorded in the annals that it rained continuously throughout the Queen's visit).

While I am on this perpetual subject of the preservation of ancient buildings, which may be a bore to you, but is never a bore to me (so what do I care ?), I have received an appeal for funds to repair the magnificent parish church at Addlethorpe, in Lincolnshire. There are only 190 people in the parish, and so it is obvious that they cannot raise the necessary £2000. Subscriptions, however small, should be sent to Jews' Court, Steep Hill, Lincoln. The address alone is worth the trouble of sending a cheque. The church itself is a superb example of mediæval craftsmanship.

AN example of the lamentable distance which the traditions of golf have travelled since the old Scottish days, is the New Zealander's insurance policy against doing a hole in one. Under the policy the insured golfer is paid £5 each time he does it. The idea is to help him to pay the round of drinks in the club-house after the feat. But in the old days a round of drinks for doing a hole in one was unheard of. The golfer gave a bottle of whisky to his caddy, and there was an end of it, and in those days a bottle of whisky cost little more than half-a-crown. But in those days golf was a simple game and could be played without twenty clubs and a parti-coloured pullover, and a six-course luncheon and two double Kümmels, a side-bet on every putt, and a bet on every round. And if this should catch the eye of Mr. Henry Longhurst, I would like him to know that I am still crying defiance at him.

Baron

The Aga Khan on the Riviera

The spiritual overlord of all the Moslems is back in Europe after his successful tour of his dominions and was photographed on the Nice golf course with Captain Rattigan, secretary of the club

Ex-King Alfonso and Mrs. Simpson, by Baynon Copeland

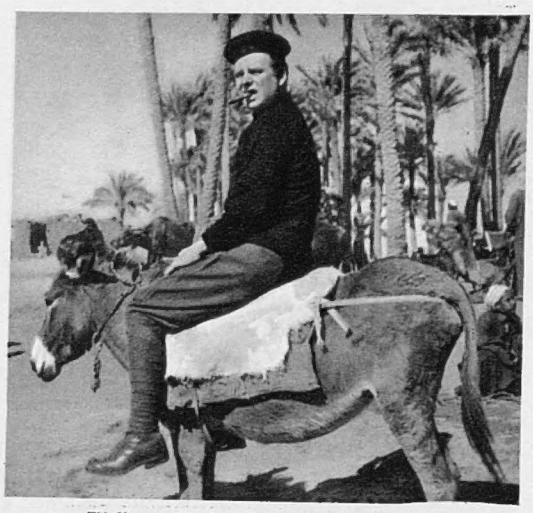
Baynon Copeland is the nom de brosse of Mrs. R. C. Andersen, whose show of portraits opens at Ackermann's to-day. Her sitters include many distinguished people, royal, ambassadorial and social; another of her portraits of Mrs. Wallis Simpson will be reproduced in colour in next week's "Bystander"

IT must have startled a good many people to learn, from an almost casual remark in the House of Commons, that men who earn their living with their hands are not eligible for the Amateur Rowing Association and therefore may now row in the annual summer treat, or whatever it is, at Henley. Incidentally, I wonder how the words "with their hands" is defined. Navvies, bricklayers, dockers, pianists, painters (house and portrait), plasterers, boxers, surgeons, are all, I suppose, under the genteel ban of the A.R.A. The pundits who drafted this rule presumably earn their livings with their heads. One wonders how.

THE gulf between the professional and the amateur is seldom more clearly defined than in the art of walking through fire. A Moslem from Cawnpore called Ahmed Hussain has just been having the laugh again over the Great Unpaid (a technical term for the hell-hounds who muscle in gratis on other peoples' rackets). He did his stuff to perfection, as your true professor always does, and did not get so much as a blister. The amateurs who tried to follow him got precisely what was coming to them, and it is typical of the courtesy of the professional in every walk of life that Ahmed refrained from saying, "Boys, you 're not so hot."

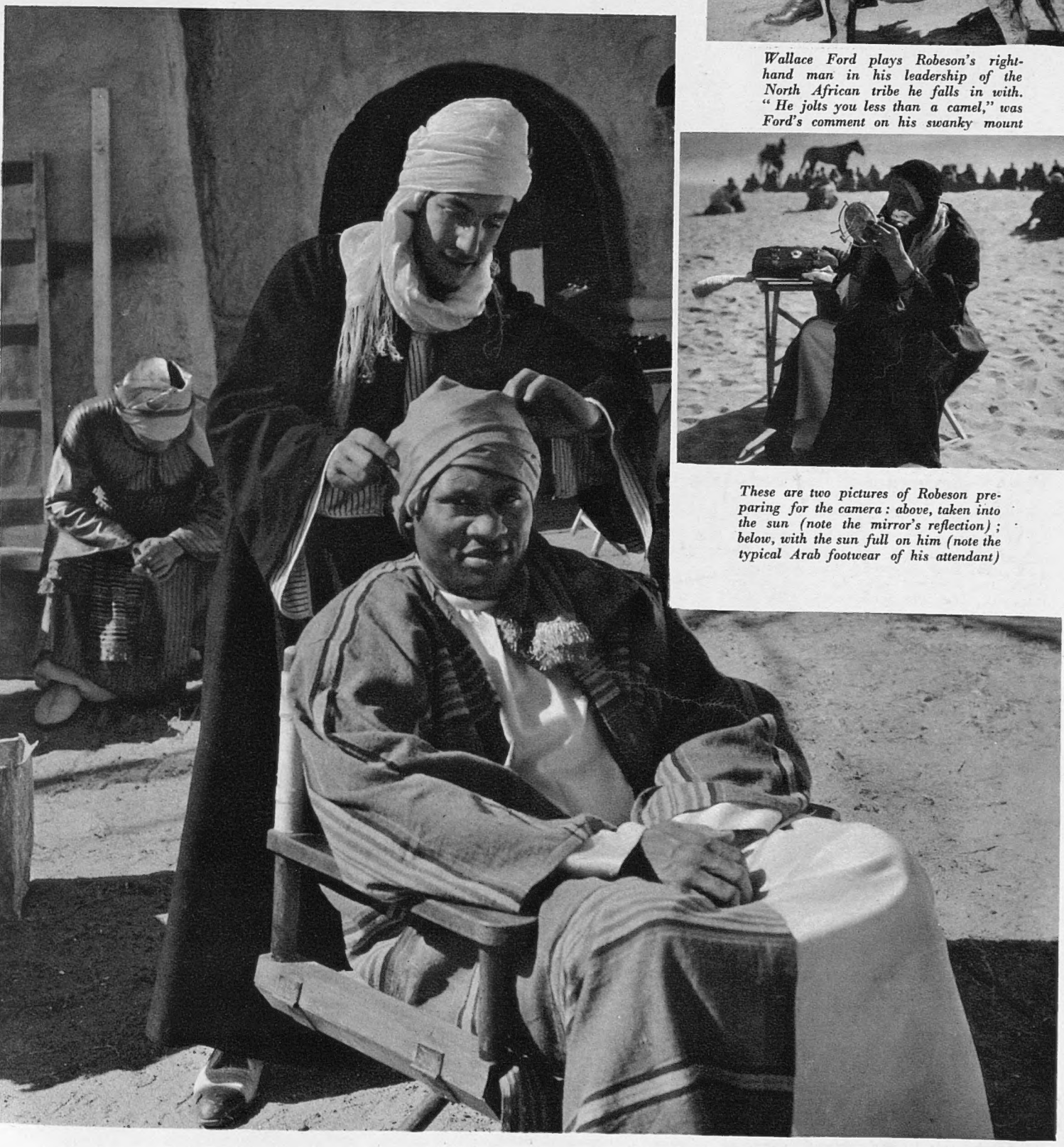
Robeson on Location for "Jericho"

Capitol's film gives him a typical Paul Robeson part of an educated negro from America who takes up with a primitive tribe—in North Africa this time. Walter Futter is the producer and the plot is also his; Thornton Freeland directs, and *Jericho* promises some impressive shots of the desert, marauding tribes at war and the great annual pilgrimage to the salt mines. Co-starred with Robeson are Henry Wilcoxson, ex-Barnado boy Wallace Ford and Sudanese Princess Kouka. The company is just back from location, where these off-set pictures were taken, and interior shooting is now under way at Pinewood. Should be on view in three or four months



Wallace Ford plays Robeson's right-hand man in his leadership of the North African tribe he falls in with. "He jolts you less than a camel," was Ford's comment on his swanky mount

These are two pictures of Robeson preparing for the camera: above, taken into the sun (note the mirror's reflection); below, with the sun full on him (note the typical Arab footwear of his attendant)



Capt. MacCarthy and Miss de Belabre

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain Gerald Heggart MacCarthy, R.A., son of Dr. and Mrs. MacCarthy, of Devan Haye, Sherborne, Dorset, married Yolande York de Belabre, daughter of Baron and Baroness de Belabre, of Allington Court, Bridport, and 37, Ovington Square

Mr. Chetwynd and Miss Margaret Sutton

The Hon. John Julian Chetwynd, the late Lord and Lady Chetwynd's second son and brother of the present Viscount, married Margaret Agnes Sutton at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the late Major-General Hugh Sutton and the Hon. Mrs. Sutton's eldest daughter, and a niece of Lord Halifax

Capt. Constable Maxwell

This was a St. James's, Spanish Maxwell, who is to be a Coronation son of the Hon. Bernard and Mrs. son, through his father, of the late mother, of the late Lord Lovat. Jan of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Wilfred

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

At a pay-party in Curzon Street one night last week, we realised that the slim and elegant Miss Constance Dawes has returned again from her native Montreal. She was in a party with Mrs. Patsy Richardson, whose ski-ing-mad husband has extended his visit to Scheidegg, and Lord Donegall, just back from same, and burnt a good shade of brown.

Magnificent is too small a word for the sable coat that enveloped Marianne Davis when she arrived that night. She sang two or three songs, too, which was very sweet of her, as she is on holiday, and is off to Paris in a day or two.

Lady Jean Mackintosh, in a becoming pale-green dress, was another hostess at this party, and it was terribly bad luck that the organising genius, Mr. Teddy Voules, should have been laid low with a bad attack of 'flu at that particular moment.

A Harmless Entertainment

Intrigued with the idea of whether a London restaurant audience will "take" a strip-tease act or not, we persistently went to the San Marco last week.

The first night, Miss Diane Raye did not appear at all; the next night—very fully dressed—she sang; the third night we heard she did her stuff. It seems to be more a question as to just how gracefully and in time to music one can take off a few garments than anything else, and it is really a refined and harmless entertainment when all is said and done.

It is very bad luck for the management of the San Marco, and for all of us, that the powers-that-be have seen fit to ban Dwight Fiske, who was to have appeared there in May, and has made many friends and fans during his various appearances over here.

The "Lovelies" Were There

Punch's Club, that popular little rendezvous in Waverton Street, has changed hands once more. This time it is the young Lord Poulett who is at the head of the venture, and we wish him every success.

He is a charming young man, and will doubtless introduce a new element of youth into the place. All the "lovelies" were at the opening cocktail-party last Wednesday: Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, Miss Micki Hood and Miss Susan Bligh among the hatless brigade; Miss Mollie Bishop with a "little boy" sailor hat on the back of her head wore an imposing veil, to rescue it from what she described as too much "idiot child" effect!

Lord Willoughby de Broke brought his lovely wife; and those well-known Mayfair merchants, Mr. Tatham and Mr. Milbanke, dashed in and out again on their evening rounds.

Good Deed

London, and especially the West End of London, may seem like a friendly village to habitual Cockneys like ourselves, but it must be a lonely desert to many young students and visitors from the Dominions.

One of the objects and achievements of the Canadian Women's Club is to put these young people in touch with each other, and introduce them to friendly Londoners.

The Club, which has no premises of its own, meets on the first Wednesday of every month at Grosvenor House for tea and discussions on topics of interest. It was as a guest at the last of these delightful functions that we learnt how much good the Club can—and does—do.

Combines Beauty and Charm

The Countess of Bessborough, President, made a charming speech. Being French, she speaks with just that suspicion of a broken accent that is so fascinating, and the combination of her beauty and indescribable charm of manner make her a speech-maker of very great value.

Lord Bessborough was there, too, and the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, who gave an interesting address on Canada, and transported us by her clever description all over that wonderful country.

Mrs. Vincent Massy, the Hon. President of the Club, was unable to be present, but the Marchioness of Donegall, who hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is the chairman of the executive committee, entertained a number of guests, among them being Mrs. Rupert Cooke, who went to Russia with Lady Donegall not long ago.

Travelling Heavy

Among early American visitors to London this season will be Jimmie Cromwell, son of the Queen of Palm Beach, Mrs. Edward Stotesbury, and his world's richest bride, Doris Duke Cromwell. Doris is a charmingly unspoilt girl, despite the millions which she owes to the popularity of Nicotine. English translation of the word "Duke" reads "Wills."

Pretty Ione Wills was dancing gaily at the Berkeley the other evening when I looked in. Tall and slim, with dimples and a white skin and teeth, she smiles with her eyes in an engaging manner. Although she looks enchanting in a ballroom, she really prefers Scotch mists.

While on the subject of pretty girls, why has not some young man led little Diana Bethell with the exquisite nose, as far as the altar steps? Surely she is the top among our younger lovelies?

and Miss Jan Ricardo

Place, wedding: Ian Constable Gold Stick in Waiting, is the elder Constable Maxwell. He is a grand-Lord Herries, and through his Ricardo is the eldest daughter Ricardo, of Hook Hall, Surrey

Capt. Miller and Miss Archer-Shee

Captain Christopher Dudley Miller, 10th Royal Hussars, second son of the late Thomas Butt Miller and Mrs. Butt Miller, of Kingscote Park, Tetbury, Glos., and Kathleen Winifred Archer-Shee, daughter of the late Sir Martin Archer-Shee and Lady Archer-Shee, were married at Brompton Oratory

Mr. Nicol and Miss Rosamund Barnard

Had a country wedding at the bride's home town of Wye; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Barnard, of Withersdane Hall, Wye. Mr. Nicol, a subaltern in the Black Watch, is the Laird of Ardmarnock, son of the late Donald Nicol, Scots Guards, and a grand-son of The Macpherson, thirtieth Laird of Cluny

But we were talking of Americans—and the Cromwells, who are building a house in Honolulu—and Mrs. Harrison Williams, who is building another house, this time at Capri. She will be visiting London this summer, if she can tear herself away from her island home.

Buddy Bradley's Pupil

It is a pity that little Venetia Wills is not in the least likely ever to have to earn her own living. Few children of nine years possess the grace and rhythm that this young heiress puts into her dancing. She is being taught step-dancing by "Buddy" Bradley, who produces Cochran revues, and is proving such an apt pupil that in an All-England open competition she gained a position of outstanding merit.

Spring Snow Saga

That Swiss snowfields are still swarming with ski-ers and not carpeted with wild flowers may come as a surprise to some. At Scheidegg there 's not a cowslip in sight—nor is the virgin whiteness of the Parsenn blemished by so much as a single crocus.

More and more people are waking up to the fact that conditions are often better in April and May than at any time during the winter months—it seems as if ski-ing is acquiring an all-the-year-round season. Many who took their ski-suits out of moth at Easter are still frolicking on various mountains.

In Davos, the crowd outside the Parsenn-Bahn was so dense between ten and twelve that people, worn out with waiting, parked themselves on the steps and ate their lunch in desperation.

Mountain Who's Who

Young marrieds in the Oberland this spring included the Peter Du Canes (she 's Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew's daughter), and Hugh Leveson-Gowers, who installed themselves at Wengen, where Lords Long, Churston and Chichester helped enliven the company. Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon, Lord and Lady Knollys and Lady Mary Dunn, with her husband, favoured Scheidegg.

On the Weissfluhjoch, honeymooners Lord and Lady Kelburn were observed resting in the sun after making a "descent."

Also upon this Swiss Olympus were that devoted couple, the Julian Days, who had come direct from Monte Carlo, leaving their car in Zurich.

Paris Fever

There 's more va-et-vient between London and Paris than for years. Even with the Exhibition not opening till mid-May, and not in its entirety till the beginning of June, an advance fever has set in. The Ritz Bar is absolutely jammed in a dignified way, and Carpentier's bar "tout autrement." Georges is such a good waiter that he boasts he hasn't broken a glass yet.

Another idol, Maurice Chevalier, has forty minutes to himself in the second half of quite a good revue. Actually, plays are disappointing. *Victoria Regina* is well attended, but appallingly acted after its American edition. We missed Disraeli and Gaby Morlay missed re-creating the great Queen's personality.

With Bourdet directing the Comédie Française (if you want to sound French call it the "Théâtre Français"), this house of romantic mustiness has been re-born. The acting is superb, the montage deserves an article to itself, and the choice of classics includes a Pirandello, if you can call the fourth dimensional Italian classical. It 's smart now to attend the Théâtre Français having eaten at a real bistro—sand on the floor, "vin en carafe," and superb cooking. Try the place in the rue Débarcadère, and in another mood, Drouant.

Lunch Tables

Lady Jersey has been over shopping, and Mrs. Field and Mrs. Goussakow, the pretty Welsh wife of the oil magnate, the Smileys and—on a flying visit—Lady Nunburnholme, whose beauty is the kind which lasts, being more than skin deep. These were all at the Ritz lunching, also Comtesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, who is much missed in London where she lived from 1931 to 1936, when her husband's new appointment took them back to Paris.

A Parisian by adoption, Mme. Anita de Pombo, who has been described as "the Spanish Schiaparelli," was lunching radiantly with her son, who had escaped from Spain the week before. A Cambridge tennis Blue, his English is colloquial. "I know I 'm looking green," he said, "but eight months in a cellar does one in. I simply can't believe my eyes when I see all this food, and when I eat now I get the most awful indigestion." With a few laughs he dismissed his appalling experiences.

No one likes to talk to him about his seventeen-year-old brother, who was assassinated by the Reds solely because their uncle is the Marquès Donesteve. But he did mention the tragic death of the Duque Fernan-Nuñez, one of St. Moritz's most popular regulars. He and his lovely little Argentine Duchess were Claridge's regulars every London season. They made a charming, rather serious, and very decorative couple. Now "Chita" and her children are in Switzerland where a good many escaped Spaniards are trying to forget.

Dates to Remember

Almost every revue star you ever heard of will appear at the High Spirit Ball in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Institution. It is being held at Grosvenor House on Wednesday night next week. Jack Hylton's band is being presented for the evening by one generous member of the committee and tickets were selling like wildfire at the luncheon we attended last Tuesday at the May Fair, when arrangements for this mammoth charity were discussed.

There is a good dance for a good cause planned for May 4th, which you should hereby take note of. It 's the Spring Ball and Fun Fair which Lady Plymouth is running in aid of the Hedingham Rover Scout Training and Employment Scheme. Every six tickets bought for the Ball gives one young man from the Special Areas three months in one of the camps, and a 95 per cent. chance of a job afterwards.

The Duchess of Beaufort is hostess of the evening, the Ball is at Grosvenor House.

MISS PEEPS

Weissfluhjoch View

Mr. Raoul Millais

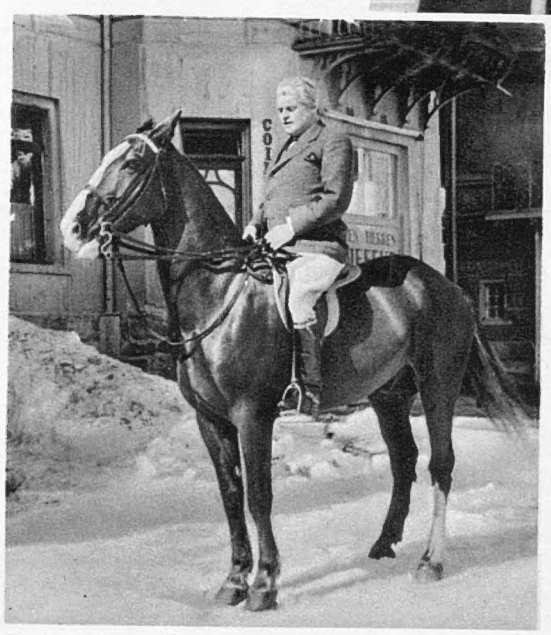
Miss Greta Humber and Mr. Williams

Princess Paul Troubetskoy and Mr. Walter Creighton are the snow-booted couple looking upwards on that Swiss Olympus, the Weissfluhjoch, 8732 feet above sea-level

The Last Swiss Ski-ing

Greta Humber has one of the anti-glare visors that are a necessity for spring high-level ski-ing. Her companion, R. O. Williams, is a Welsh International tennis player

Above, left: Raoul Millais was photographed on the "threshhold" of the Parsenn. He is a crack ski-er, is well-known as a painter of horses, and is a grandson of Sir John Millais



Herr Andreas Gredig

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower got away at Easter for a short second ski-holiday, and spent it at Wengen. They were just waiting for a train down from Scheidegg

Left: a great figure of the ski-ing world is Herr Andreas Gredig, "king" of Davos, and proprietor of the Fluella Sport Hotel. He goes riding every morning

Right: Mlle. Myeva Lejeune and Mr. Jimmy Boyd were waiting for the Parsenn cable railway at Davos. Mlle. Lejeune is the twin-sister of Mme. Constance Lejeune, who spent Easter at Cannes

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE German military authorities' decision to raise an Adolf Hitler Regiment of picked tall men for the Führer's birthday (April 20), on the model of Frederick William I. of Prussia's famous Potsdam Guard, must have aroused in many lovers of precedent a mild hope that they'd employ some of Old Fritz's recruiting methods as well, to make everything more historic.

Beyond employing agents to decoy and kidnap tall big men for his darling regiment from all over Europe, by bribery or force, Old Fritz was in the habit, whenever he saw a tall woman during his walks, of instantly ordering her to be married to one of his Guards in order, as Dr. Johnson so aptly puts it, that they might "propagate procerity." ("Health and procerity (*hic*)!" as the Prussian toast then was.) Unfortunately Abbot Mendel of Brünn had not yet established the basic laws of genetics, so they were unable to discover whether tallness in the Guardsman and/or his projected mate was a dominant or recessive trait. Hence in many cases the offspring turned out to be of a dainty Bergneresque type, all coy and hidey. This infuriated Old Fritz intensely, leading to oaths and blasphemy.

Modern science can correct all that, and since it is notorious that very tall soldiers are not only knock-kneed but apt to swoon on parade, we wouldn't be above suggesting to German biologists that to marry the Hitler Regiment to British first-class hockey girls might be a sound idea, productive of a type which would combine extreme height with pure brute force and stamina, fit to knock the whole world for a row of glass dumb-bells.

Big Girl

IT seems odd that Charlotte Corday's last letter—a firm little note of five lines thanking her defending lawyer, which she was writing when the executioners called for her—should come into the London market and be up for sale at Sotheby's on April 26th. Two other notes written by this beautiful enigma after Marat's murder are in the National Archives, and there is apparently one more extant, in a private collection. Obviously the right place for this final one is the Carnavalet, in the same glass case with the blood-splashed proofs of *L'Ami du Peuple* which Marat was correcting in his bath when she knifed him. If you want a profoundly moving experience, look up Lenotre's accurate reconstruction, with plans of the incident, first and then spend a quarter of an hour contemplating Marat's proofs. The whole scene will arise as vivid as if you had been a spectator.

What futile bits of stick and rag Charlotte Corday makes the Garbos and Dietrichs and other public idols of this age appear! Her beauty, her maiden serenity, her smiling grace as she mounted the guillotine steps took away the breath of Paris. Hats were doffed as she passed, and when the executioner, showing her severed head to the populace, struck it insultingly on the cheek, there were murmurs of rage and the police put him in prison for it afterwards. It isn't often that girls who knife politicians look like virgin goddesses. It isn't often, indeed, that girls who are interested in politics have any looks at all. You'll naturally come back at us smartly with Aspasia and Ninon de l'Enclos and the ladies of the Fronde and Mme. de Maintenon and Sarah Marlborough and a few more eminent political girls who, according to art and legend, were easy to look at, but we don't mean *la haute politique*, we mean the ordinary grubby kind.

And if it comes to that we don't think these celebrated beauties would be considered so hot, either, by modern standards. Look at the portraits of all those plump Charles II. goddesses at Hampton Court and ask yourself honestly how many of them knock your eye out. Contrariwise, Hauer's last-moment portrait of Charlotte, made in her cell and now at Versailles, really shows beauty as we judge it, and spiritual beauty at that. A fat lot you care!

"*Rabbit!*"

Liquid Gold

THAT crack of Omar Khayyám's about wondering what the vintners buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell must have occurred to a lot of well-read chaps at Christie's sale this week of rare wines and liqueurs given by various connoisseurs for Queen Charlotte's Hospital. You don't often see Tokay of the 1864 Imperial Grand Reserve from the cellars of the late Emperor of Austria on a wine-list. Nor a Madeira of 1779 (given by Sir Stephen Gaselee) nor a Port of 1840 (the King). Nor a 1900 Moët et Chandon sent by the French Ambassador and personally tended by M. André Simon. Nor, coming to post-war vintages, a dozen of Prince Metternich's Schloss Johannisberg Kabinett Spätlese 1934, the gift of Herr von Ribbentrop. Nor yet, among the liqueurs, the original White Chartreuse of 1834, of which the Prior of the Carthusian monastery at Parkminster, Sussex, has sent a precious bottle, possibly the only one of its kind in this country or France. Nor could there ever be bought before this week bottles of that highly potent liqueur King's Ale, brewed by Edward VII. in 1902 and demanding, as the advance notice of the sale said demurely, "the utmost discretion in consumption." We don't know yet how the sale

Telephone Talks: No. 5

"Am I ready for a party? You bet I am!"

of these mirific gifts of God (and a score more equally worth their measure in gold) has benefited the nursing mothers of Queen Charlotte's. The total ought to give their beef-tea a wonderful bouquet.

. . . And at the same time, you know, there are beings in these islands walking erect on two legs, with every outward semblance of being human, who would describe and dismiss Christie's whole catalogue as "alcohol." We 've heard one of these creatures, a whiffling prig out of Bloomsbury, refer to a vintage Clos de Vougeot in this way, and we watched curiously, expecting him to drop at once on all-fours and shamble away, dripping froth from his hideous jaws. But no. The forbearing mercy of his Maker spared him sudden death as well, and what are called "temperance" bodies who use the same insult, still seem to flourish throughout all the darker areas of Anglo-Saxondom. From all accounts it would be hopeless to try to convince these people by demonstration that a glass of alcohol and a glass of vintage Burgundy have different properties. They just wouldn't know the difference.

For Art's Sake

PASSING Burlington House one afternoon last week we felt a pang of genuine sympathy for the boys of the Royal Academy Selection Committee cooped up inside. Their hours for the past week or two have been 10 to 5 daily, without getting out to luncheon either—they eat it on the spot—and before their weary eyes pictures have been paraded endlessly at the rate of about 150 an hour. Apparently there 's a record number of entries for the R.A. this year (there always is) and the gloom and boredom of the Committee after a couple of weeks of this dog's life must be excruciating. Moreover, they know too well that whatever they select this year's Academy will be exactly like every other Academy for the past fifty years: the same egg and horse-faces of Society, the Services, and the professions, the same still-lifes, the same Highland cattle, the same Cornish and Riviera scenery, the same fishing-boats, the same near-nudes. It must be hell.

Added to these normal worries there is the recent shame of allowing the Leicester Square house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, their founder, to be handed over to the housebreakers without a squawk. This ineffectiveness has justly earned the Palladium of British Art a lot of contumely, flips, jeers, and snarks, and R.A. officials probably spend a lot of time nowadays avoiding each other's eyes; which means that this year's entries have probably been scrutinised with elaborate care.

The average chance of acceptation is about 10 to 1, experts say. The only people who derive concrete benefit by being "hung" (this year especially) are the portrait boys, because whatever anybody else thinks about it, hanging gives them a definite cachet which impresses potential provincial and Overseas customers and keeps up prices. We were hoping to end this rather sombre survey on a bright, cheerful note, and that must be it.

Big Boy

DEFILEMENT of practically everything beautiful is proceeding so swiftly nowadays all over the world that it isn't surprising that certain Yahoos propose building on top of the hill of Cologny, where the Villa Diodati looks over the Lake of Geneva and the city. Byron took the villa in 1816 on separating from his wife and lived in it four or five months, boating with Shelley and Hobhouse and giving the surrounding beauty spots the once-over before travelling on to Italy. Without going unduly emotional over Byronic associations, anybody must admit that the hilltop and its view are beautiful, that the Yahoos would naturally yearn to spoil it, and that they undoubtedly will.

This wouldn't be allowed to happen in Greece, where the name of Byron is constantly on the lips of the citizenry, believe it or not. Nothing is more disconcerting, H. V. Morton tells us, than to be introduced to a polite Athenian who immediately gives tongue to a panegyric of Byron and of England, Protector of the Oppressed. The poet's memory is venerated by the modern Greeks to a degree astonishing to his countrymen, 95 per cent. of whom know nothing of him save that he was a wicked nobleman with curly hair who ran round with girls and was justly expelled to foreign parts by a virtuous nation. They know much more about him and his qualities on the Continent, which perhaps isn't surprising, considering their own deplorable character.

Like A. G. Macdonell, Byron is perpetually and grossly misunderstood in England. All that gay devilry, violence, and sardonic mockery of British Virtue which makes Macdonell so abhorred is not the man entire. Underneath it there is strong sense, a vigorous passion for justice, a sweetness of nature, and a certain Calvinistic realisation of doom which, as André Maurois said of his prototype, Byron, drives him to feel himself predestined to lead an ardent, guilty life. Macdonell doesn't know we 're defending him like this, and no money or promises of social or financial advancement have been given us. It 's just a spontaneous, generous outburst on our part.

"Look at Pedro, he always has to be doing something"

News from Downalong

Gaffer Henry Williamson, Mother Nature's little ball of flame, wrote an earthy piece in one of the dailies the other day telling the world how he is getting on with his farm in Devon. It seems he already has his nose down into the soil. (" The sight of well-rotted dung-piles in a field . . . fills me with glowing keenness.") There was a time when the Gaffer cared only about the friendship of otters and owls, but now it 's digging up tons of muck that stirs him to ecstasy, and we 'd like to be leaning over a gate encouraging him. Not only encouraging him, but spurring him on. From his own evidence the Gaffer spends far too much time resting on his spade and looking at salmon and weasels and owls, even now. That 's not the way to get things done.

However, we will say for old Gaffer Williamson that he 's about the only one of the Nature boys who 's had the courage to take a stab at the soil himself. The others go whimsy enough about Nature and write their little pieces about dew on the hedgerows and warbling chiff-chaffs and bumbletits and whatnots very fragrantly, but if you asked them to shift a load of dung or hoe a stiff patch they 'd run miles. The Gaffer is setting them a good example, but he 's got to keep his nose down and not worry about our dumb friends, most of whom must have exhausted their interest in him as a bit of local colour some time ago. We 're not saying this nastily, we 're just thinking of all that rich red soil. Another reason we 're urging the Gaffer to keep digging is that despite his freely-expressed contempt for us and our urban ways we do far more real work ourselves, *and* we don't stop every five minutes to stare at taxi-drivers and chorus-girls and other local fauna, though we 're as interested in their habits as the Gaffer is in the habits of owls. We just mind our business and carry on with the job.

Crook

As was his habit with most old inns up and down the country, Dick Turpin used to stay at the Crooked Billet Inn at Iver Heath, near Windsor, which is shortly to be closed, though not (oddly enough) destroyed. The inn is so old that some of its window-panes are of horn. Over and above the Turpin business, there are said to be records attesting that Queen Elizabeth stayed there once on her way to Windsor, for the Tudor gombeen woman also had a habit of staying nearly everywhere, as guide-books attest. It may even be that she and Turpin, having so much in common, stayed a week-end or two together at various pubs. We wouldn't flick an eyelash if we saw this in print. Much less likely stories are rammed down the throats of British youth.

As a national hero Dick Turpin has managed to escape the embarrassing fate of Horatio Bottomley, the Turpin of the twentieth century, whose statue fell with such a crash from its pedestal in the British Pantheon some little time ago. The reason is, a history don assures us, that Turpin wore more attractive clothes. It 's quite true that he was anything but the daredevil he 's represented by the Cambridge Modern History and other authorities to be, being in fact nothing more than a mean-spirited sneak-thief who never did anything spectacular, still less rode from London to York. On the other hand a wig and sword is more decorative than a bowler hat and a bagful of dud bonds, and however grandiose and even dazzling the scale on which a modern highwayman works, he 's always a little handicapped by modern costume. We may give him a peerage, but he can never make warm hearts beat like a dashing chap in ruffles.

War Box

Life at the War Office during the war, it seems from Sir Sam Fay's newly-published book on it, was to some extent what we saps in the front line imagined it was. The brass-hats had their bits of fun—Sir Sam tells a story of Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, hiding behind some maps and crying, " Cuckoo ! " three times at Lord Milner, Secretary of State for War, who was not amused—and they had some of the real stuff as well. On one occasion Sir Sam opened a door to be met by a sulphurous blast of " violent and blasphemous language " from the major-general whose hide-out it was. The general was quite alone. He said to Sir Sam : " Don't take any notice of me. Here I am sweating blood to keep things going and I can't get a final decision ! The whole bloody place is withering ! " That 's exactly how War Office moguls should be, purple and storming and raging, bellowing at the empty air, and above all complaining apoplectically that nobody else ever Gets Anything Done. We often comforted ourselves in the trenches with this cosy picture, and by Gad it was true.

To-day, we gather from a chap who lives there, things are quieter at the War Box and there 's little fun, most of the old brigade having either retired to Bath or burst. The principal trouble of this chap, temporarily detached from his regiment, is that he has to wear an Anthony Eden hat.

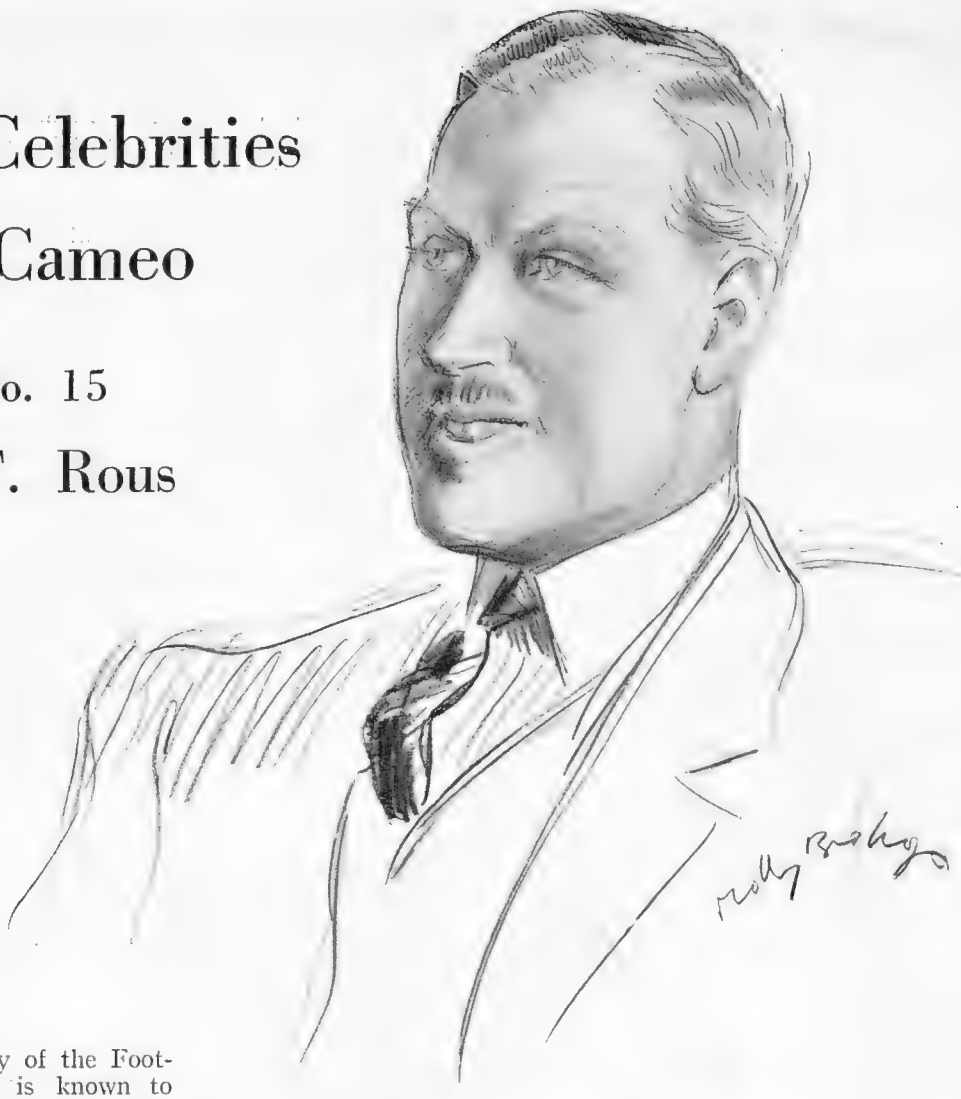
D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Jolly little piece of Gothic whimsy, Wilberforce "

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 15

S. F. Rous



S. F. Rous, secretary of the Football Association, is known to millions of soccer fans on the Continent, as well as in this country. He has refereed twenty-seven International matches on the other side of the Channel, as well as the 1934 Cup Final and three International matches in Great Britain. Educated at St. John's Leman School at Beccles in Suffolk, he went straight into the Army, serving as a gunner in France, Egypt and Palestine. After the War he went to Exeter University, where he was captain of cricket, soccer, and tennis. It was while keeping goal against the City Reserves that he broke his wrist and turned referee. Watford Grammar School then claimed him as a master. Here he stayed thirteen years, becoming in his spare time match secretary and referee for the Isthmian League, member of the Herts County F.A., secretary of the Secondary Schoolmasters' Physical Education Association, and so on.

It was in 1934 that he attained his present job, which he has filled so admirably. Since his arrival, an instructional film on Soccer has been made with great success, a system of coaching boys from public and secondary schools has been inaugurated, two text books on Soccer have been published under his ægis, and the requirements of the National Council were anticipated by organising courses for coaches and trainers throughout the country.

In the next few days, too, the public will learn that, thanks to him, the scheme of having two referees in a football match is being put before the International Board for permission to experiment thoroughly in practice matches and certain League games next autumn.

S. F. Rous is a member of the National Advisory Council for Physical Training and Recreation, being, incidentally, one of the few members thereof who does his daily dozen (Wakefield is another), and as Secretary of the British Sports and Games Association succeeded in raising twenty-two thousand pounds from actual players for the Jubilee Trust. Indeed, his whole life has been taken up in doing honorary jobs in aid of sport. The Festival of Youth, which will take place on July 3 before the King and Queen at Wembley, is another of his inspirations.

S. F. Rous is exceedingly good-looking, very good-tempered, and thoroughly enjoyed being a schoolmaster. He still misses the boys a good deal in his present job. He is six foot two and a half, married, and still plays lawn tennis and squash with regularity. He has given up golf because it takes up too much time. That alone shows how busy he is. As a referee he was without equal. He was always as fit as any of the players in the field. He always had the game well under control, and was always up to the ball. Perhaps his greatest contribution to football was his sponsoring of the system of diagonal refereeing. By this system the referee always knows where the linesmen are, and they in turn will know his general position, so that no time is lost in finding each other if collaboration is needed. It also means that always two officials will be "up" with every attack and in excellent position to see what is happening.

It is odd to think that when S. F. Rous refereed his first match—between two Army teams at Norwich during the war—he knew so little about it that one of the players had to prompt him whenever a foul or an offside occurred. Quiet, patient, and still inclined to wave a didactic forefinger at you, S. F. Rous hates publicity, works unceasingly, and actually lives "over the shop" at 22, Lancaster Gate. He is the strong man of football, and the footballers know it.

Charles Graves

F. J. Gutman (Candid Ltd.)

Michal Hambourg — Pianist Daughter of a Pianist

Michal Hambourg at eighteen has proved herself to have inherited much of her famous father's brilliance as a pianist, and has already begun her career as a public performer—though not at such a tender age as Mark Hambourg, who made his first appearance on a concert platform in Moscow as a nine-year-old. Miss Hambourg gave a recital last night at the Grotrian Hall, and later this month is going to play in Brussels, where she will have the support of her uncle, Sir Robert Clive, the new Ambassador to Belgium. Her father is Russian, now naturalised English; he first played in London when he was eleven, has given concerts all over the world, now lives in Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hambourg, is the daughter of the late Lord Muir-Mackenzie, and she has three sisters, two of whom are married—one to a Roumanian, the other to an Englishman

Norman Parkinson

Mary Adshead—Paris Exhibition Artist

Mary Adshead is responsible for the decor of the "Buttery," the restaurant that is part of the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition. The various English, Scottish and Welsh dishes that will be served there, have given her the theme for her decor, and she has also designed a huge gastronomical map showing the distribution of various foods in England, which will cover an entire wall of the "Buttery." Mary Adshead is in practice for this sort of thing as she decorated a restaurant last year, and painted for it panels adorned with boars' heads, wedding cakes and the like. In private life she is Mrs. Stephen Bone, wife of Muirhead Bone's artist son. She and her husband brought out a charming children's book last year called *The Little Boy and His House*, which they wrote and illustrated together to amuse their two small sons, Quentin and Sylvester

Fayer of Vienna

The Viscountess Elmley

This is a new portrait of the very good-looking wife of the Earl of Beauchamp's elder son. Lord and Lady Elmley were married in London last summer; before that she was Fru Dornonville de la Cour, widow of Direktor Dornonville de la Cour, of Copenhagen. Lord Elmley has been M.P. for Norfolk East since 1929, as a Liberal National since 1931; he has been an Assistant Liberal Whip, P.P.S. to the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and is now P.P.S. to Mr. Hore-Belisha, which, one guesses, is a fairly exacting job. Lord Elmley's own house is The Old Lighthouse, near Great Yarmouth in his constituency. The family houses are Madresfield Court in Worcestershire, and 13, Belgrave Square

Films of the Day

"Winterset"

By George Campbell

Margo and Paul Guilfoyle

"Winterset," at the Regal, is the film of Maxwell Anderson's prize-winning, long-running New York play of the same name, on the whole a just transposition, although the verse of the original has given way to prose. The story centres round an unjustly executed man's son and his lust for revenge, brilliantly played by Burgess Meredith (who took the part on Broadway). Edward Ellis is the pathetic figure of a judge tormented by his past verdict; Margo and Paul Guilfoyle are sister and brother, she in love with Meredith, he an accomplice of the criminal for whom Meredith's father died

urgess Meredith and Edward Ellis in "Winterset"

IN America Mr. Maxwell Anderson's reputation is tremendous. Play after play—*Mary of Scotland*, *Valley Forge*, *Winterset*, and *High Tor*—has won this prize and that, and run anything from six months to a year. A playwright of immense seriousness, he approaches his themes rather in the manner of Sean O'Casey, with the difference that he writes in blank verse and disdains humour altogether.

So far my acquaintance with this distinguished author has been confined to print. Now we have a film of his most successful play, *Winterset*, and I can't help deploring the utter callousness of the average London manager—or perhaps I should say, the callousness of the London public, assuming the managers give the public what it wants. As a film, *Winterset* is extraordinarily interesting. I imagine that, as a play, it is even better—a poetical melodrama doing for our age what Webster, Dekker and the rest did for their contemporaries.

Mr. Anderson is not merely a poet. Like Shelley, he is a radical. In *Winterset* he tilts against America's whole system of justice. A dreaming radical (John Carradine) has his car stolen by gunmen for use during a hold-up. A cashier is killed, the police find the car full of subversive literature, its owner is tried and sentenced to death. All of which is an undisguised echo of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Unlike Sacco and Vanzetti, whose trial dragged on for years, the radical in *Winterset* goes swiftly to the chair. For nearly twenty years we hear no more of him. Then, in 1937, we meet his son—a dreamer, too, with a sort of Hamlet complex, without work, without hope, without ambition. Did I say without ambition? He has one, and it devours him. He lives for the day when he will prove his father's innocence and clear the name he bears.

By a series of coincidences he finds himself back in his native city just when the gunman who really killed the cashier is released from prison on a lesser charge, when the judge who tried the case is wandering through the streets half-mad with doubts about the justice of the sentence, and when the newspapers are reviving the case as good copy. All the parties meet in a dark corner of New York's slums, there their problems are resolved. In the play, the characters marched on to their destiny through an atmosphere of gloom relieved only by a brief, poetic encounter between the executed man's son and the sister of one of the gang who let him die. The film compromises to the extent that justice (in which Mr. Anderson pretty clearly puts no trust) triumphs, the gunman goes to his death, and boy ends happily with girl.

The dialogue has been changed from verse to prose, but much of its poetic imagery remains. A good deal of it seems to me extremely fine. The acting is perhaps still finer. Burgess Meredith's performance in particular is at once naturalistic and intensely dramatic, shot through with gleams of poetry and yet convincingly down to earth. This department raises a respectful hat. Eduardo Cianelli plays the gangster chief with enormous menace; Edward Ellis makes a pathetic figure of the judge; John Carradine is unforgettable as the man he sends to his death; and Margo (of *Crime Without Passion*) plays the girl who finds beauty in the midst of hunger and sudden death.

I EXPECTED a good deal of *After the Thin Man*. Perhaps that's why I found it disappointing. M.G.M. and W. S. Van Dyke have done their best to give us another thriller with a wise-crack a second, and bodies falling out of every cupboard; but this time the whole thing looks like a carbon copy with gilt edges. The drinking isn't very funny (why should it be, when you've seen it all before?); the dialogue isn't so very bright, the thrills aren't so very thrilling, and the dénouement comes as a smashing surprise to three ushers and the trombone player.

Only the dog seems human. Veteran actors, when they have to play a scene with a child, have been known to revolt and walk out; they know every eye in the audience will be focussed on the child. After *After the Thin Man* the same rule will hold good of dogs. "Asta" is enchanting. His romance (ruined by a low, slinking Scottie) is uproariously funny. How they got him to do all his stuff at the right time—using a lawn-mower to block the hole by which his rival enters, fishing with his paw in a goldfish bowl, and so on—is a mystery I can't explain. William Powell and Myrna Loy are also in the cast.

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW" is a fair-to-medium musical, in which Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard, and Charles Butterworth wrestle with a wretched script and come through with a win on points. *Sea Devils* stars Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster in a melodrama of the sea, none too original in the matter of story, but redeemed by McLaglen's slashing acting and a climax of life-saving in a storm, extraordinarily well done. None of the others matters.

Portrait of Simone Simon

Here is little Simone Simon, as Gitano sees her, after her Hollywood grooming. 20th Century Fox reached out and plucked the young cosmopolite to the great cosmopolis, but Hollywood must have been her destiny ever since a roving life started at Marseilles twenty-four years ago, took her to Madagascar at ten, brought her back for a spasmodic education in Paris, Budapest, Turin, Berlin, then back to Paris to study sculpture and drawing and finally to Adolphe Osso for a screen test. There followed small parts, then a big part in Marc Allegret's brilliant *Lac aux Dames*, and it was at this moment that the talent scout swooped in and sailed her across the Atlantic. She has made three films in rapid succession over there: *Girls' Dormitory* (Regal, last autumn), whose chief distinctions were her acting, and a fantastic story, *Ladies in Love* and *Seventh Heaven* (soon to be seen here). In fact, the Hollywood grooming is taking its course

The Glorious 19th — the Halford He

For Key

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture, with key and names, can be obtai

ewitt Cup at Deal : By H. H. Harris

page 72

ned from the publisher at the price of 5/- each. Copies signed by the artist at 10/- each. Postage 6d. extra.

A CLASSIC GREYHOUND

. . . . WHITE CITY CHAMPION OF 1935

Bred by the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd.

Owner: Mr. J. P. Lockhart-Mummery, F.R.C.S.

GRETA RANEE . . . . By Ward Binks
Greyhound Derby Winner 1935.

Greta Ranee won the Greyhound Derby at White City in 1935, being the first bitch in greyhound racing history to achieve this feat. Greta Ranee has been mated with Mick the Miller (the world's most famous greyhound) and is now the mother of seven young track aristocrats —probably the most celebrated litter in the world to-day.

Anthony

Boyd Neel—Conductor of His Own Orchestra

Boyd Neel's immediate concern is conducting his string orchestra (augmented to 29) for the two performances of Respighi's opera, *Maria Egiziaca*, at the Hyde Park Hotel, last Sunday and next, April 18th. Mrs. Augustus Ralli is presenting the opera; this is the first time it has been given outside the Scala at Milan, where it is now running. Boyd Neel himself looks like a Rugby player, was a doctor, and is now at thirty-one one of the most active and interesting of the younger conductors. He took the regular medical course at Caius College, Cambridge, became M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., and was house surgeon at St. George's Hospital for four years. In his spare time he sang in opera, and toyed with an ambition to become a clarinet virtuoso. Then he broke with medicine and went to Munich and Salzburg to study music seriously. When he came back, he formed his own string orchestra, almost entirely of musicians in their twenties, and since then has broadcast regularly once a month, makes all the music for Capitol's films, which so far have included *Pagliacci* and *Dreaming Lips*, and has been engaged to make gramophone records of all the masterpieces of English string music. This winter he and his orchestra have given three concerts in London, and made a North of England and Scotland tour. He himself went to Belgium in January to conduct the Brussels Philharmonic, and quite recently he was appointed conductor of the British Women's Orchestra in succession to Malcolm Sargent

The Royal Honeymoon Couple

Miss Betty Harbord

Betty Harbord sat in the sun at the Carlton bar in Cannes, wearing the so-fashionable white sheep-skin. She was at St. Moritz earlier this year

Right: Mr. Theo McEvoy and Mr. Freddy McEvoy also decorated the Carlton bar when they were photographed. They are a popular pair, though Freddy McEvoy through his bobsleigh exploits gets more publicity

The McEvoy Brothers

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and her husband, Prince Bernhard of Lippe, arrived at Monte Carlo just after Easter. They were so sunburnt from their Austrian ski-ing that the Riviera climate had nothing to do

Riviera Season

After-Easter Sunshine at Cannes and Monte Carlo

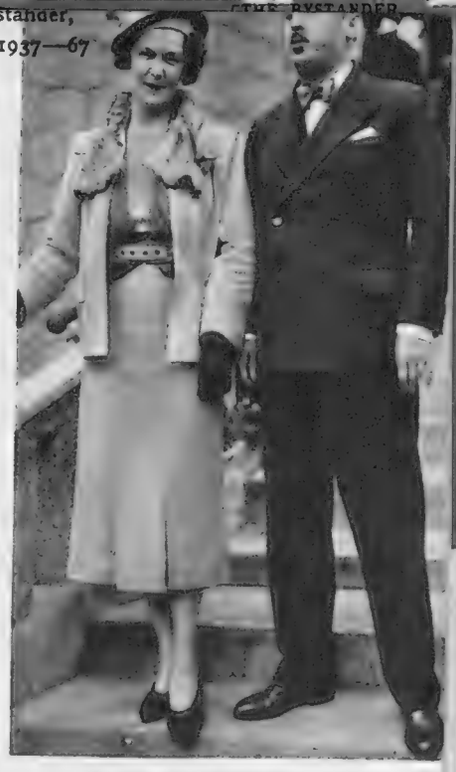
Left: Sir John Latta and his daughter, Comtesse Guy de Cramayel, and her twelve-year-old son had just come out of the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo

The two attractive women on the right are Miss Tirzah Clifton and Mrs. Sidney Van den Bergh. They had come down from the Van den Berghs' Cannes villa, Edelweiss, for before-lunch drinks at the Carlton

Miss Tirzah Clifton and Mrs.

Sir Neville Pearson has been staying at Miss Maxine Elliott's Château de l'Horizon. With him is Mme. Constance Lejeune, who has given various prizes for the Cannes polo matches. Her twin sister has been spring-ski-ing in Switzerland

At Cannes — Mlle. Yvette Bojdadli, an attractive young Parisian, and M. Ivan Privetsky, who is going to play polo in London this summer



Mrs. Hugh Campbell and Signor George Pirelli had been lunching at Château de Madrid, the famous restaurant near Eze above Monte Carlo. Signor Pirelli is the brother of the Italian millionaire who was one of Mussolini's Ministers till fairly recently

Right : Colonel Sir Courtauld Thomson has been staying at Monte Carlo. He is a celebrated host at Gullane, where he expects to spend his twenty-fourth season this autumn. He does unending work for hospitals and various charity organisations as chairman, trustee andsoon

Sir Courtauld Thomson

Mr. Hore-Belisha

Below : Mrs. Violet Trefusis went to Monte Carlo from Paris for Easter. Her new book, "Hunt the Slipper," is almost a best-seller already — very gratifying to the author after several succès d'estimes in both English and French

Sidney Van den Bergh

Above : the Minister of Transport had been lunching at Château de Madrid. His car, while he was being photographed, was holding up at least half-a-dozen others, much to everyone's delight

Left : Mrs. Lionel Abel Smith and Mr. Richard Walker were standing in front of the latter's picture, "White Provençal Village," at the one-man show he held at the Carlton Hotel. He lives in Cannes

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Mile Away Murder" (Duchess)

THE modern detective play arouses about as much emotion as a cross-word puzzle. Here and there the inventor will have his little joke, and we are grateful for it. But the main business of the evening is the scientific investigation of clues. The murder is committed in cold blood—not the cold blood only of the murderer, but the cold blood also of the author and of the audience. We don't care a scrap about Sir Robert Davenport in Mr. Anthony Armstrong's new play at the Duchess. The sooner he is bumped off, the better. We can then get down to the more important matter of trying to find out how this bumping-off was effected. For nowadays the means are more than the end. We know what. We know why. We know who. But we don't know how. How, then on earth, when the admitted criminal was a mile away from the crime he perpetrated?

DURING the greater part of the evening, the solution hovered between blow-pistols and poison. In Renaissance Italy they used to bump off enemies by sending all sorts of poisoned presents, from poisoned rings and gauntlets to poisoned tennis rackets. There was even one cunning artist, if a passage in *Arden of Feversham* is to be believed, who could so temper poison with his oil that whoever looked on the picture sucked venom to his breast with the beams that issued from his sight, and thus slew himself. I have always thought this rather a tall story, but the solution of the mystery in modern murder plays is usually so tall that I confess I considered this possibility when puzzling over Mr. Armstrong's little problem.

THE trouble with most writers who compose plays of this order is that one is apt to mistake their involuntary technical defects as dramatists for schemes deep-laid and relevant to the issue. On Mr. Armstrong, however, one can safely rely as an efficient as well as a fair-and-square player of the game. And now that I know the secret I must not impart, I give him unreservedly best. He won. I lost. I bear him no ill-will.

For really I did not much mind losing. And really I was not desperately keen to win. The game was one that interested me but mildly. On the whole, I enjoyed its amenities more than its purpose—as, for example, the minor contest between Mr. Walter Hudd as the keen-witted detective from Scotland Yard and Mr. Evelyn Roberts as the less keen-witted detective from Midfield. This is now a stock comedy duo in plays such as *Mile Away Murder*, but Mr. Armstrong has provided them with fresh patter, and the two parts are impeccably played.

PASSING over Miss Gillian Maude and Mr. John Teed, who represent the love interest with a very small "l," there remains Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, who, as the scoundrel of the night, contrives to swagger and bluster and sneer and jeer and generally behave as the worst of hats. He is, in short, a villain well worth bringing to book. And so, after all, even if you are not an amateur detective, it is good to see him cornered. Which, without giving anything vital away, I may tell you he finally is, leaving us only to regret the abolition of public executions.

Nice girl and nasty man: Gillian Maude and D. A. Clarke-Smith

Sketches by Rouson

Rising young medico: John Teed

Sleuths: Evelyn Roberts and Walter Hudd

Diana Wynyard

Has now taken Ann Harding's place in the leading part in *Candida* at the Globe, with Nicholas Hannen and Stephen Haggard, and gives one of her best and most charming performances. After the run ends (in a fortnight) she begins rehearsals for a new play to be presented next month

"Bystander" Short Story No. 84

Reprise

By Charles Birkin

Illustrations by Eric Fraser

Jeremy was a better actor than she was . . .

"How extraordinarily potent cheap music is!"

THE evening was drawing to an end. The card-table presented the raffish appearance common to card-tables at the conclusion of a game. Packs, with contrasting backs, intermingled in uncaring confusion, and counters, with imposing face values that they had by no means held during the party, sprawled in untidy heaps on the cloth of blue velvet.

"Anybody want any beer?" inquired David. "Jeremy? . . . Norah? . . . Audrey? . . . Gin and tonic for you, Simon. . . . What for you, Elizabeth?"

He busied himself behind the small bar built into the corner of the square, low-ceilinged sitting-room.

Elizabeth brushed back the thick black hair from her forehead. "I think we 'll have to be going," she said. "Poor Simon has to go to the office so very early."

"Don't go yet! Have a drink first," David urged, emerging, glass-laden, from behind his chromium-plated barricade. The assembled guests settled themselves on the broad arms of the squat chairs that were arranged in a rough semi-circle in front of the log fire. He switched on the radio-gramophone and settled himself on a low stool in front of the fire. "These are some old records I found in a shop in the Charing Cross Road yesterday."

"Why put on those? I like new ones much better," complained Audrey. As a matter of fact, she disliked listening to anything for more than two minutes at a time.

"*There 'll be no more sobbing when he starts throbbing his old sweet song,*" husked the voice of Mr. Jack Smith, from a success of the 'twenties.

Audrey and Jeremy talked quietly. Norah was arranging to go to a cinema with David later in the week. Elizabeth was staring at the burning logs.

There was a faint metallic click, and a gentleman was heard to bewail the fact that "somebody stole his girl."

"Can you lunch on Thursday, Elizabeth?" called Audrey. "Norah is coming, and Margaret and Jane."

"I 'd love to. At Eaton Square?"

"Yes. Half-past one, and don't be late, as I 've got to be at my dentist at a quarter to three."

"All right! . . . *all right!* I won't be late."

"*My* gramophone will never work," said Jeremy. "It has the strangest ideas of its own, governed by no recognised mechanical law." Another faint click, followed this time by loud threatening chords. David twisted a knob to tone down the music to the required softness.

"*Don't know why there 's no sun up in my sky . . .*"

The talk went on. Elizabeth glanced at Simon, who sat draining his gin and tonic. Her chin was in her hands, and her eyes saw far beyond the pointed flames that danced in the grate in front of her.

DURING the drive back to St. John's Wood Simon and Elizabeth talked very little. It had started to rain, and while her husband was paying the taxi she had let herself into the house and had run up to the tiny drawing-room. The fire was almost out. She was on her knees building it up again when Simon came in.

"Ready for bed? I feel exhausted. The smoke in that room of David's was enough to choke a fireman by the time we left!"

(Concluded on page 72)

Have a glass of Guinness
when you're Tired

G.E.680

Reprise *(Continued from page 70)*

Elizabeth prodded the coal she had just arranged, and answered him without looking up.

"No. I've got one or two letters to write. I think I'll do them now. I'm not at all tired. Good-night, darling."

"Why write letters at this time of night? Surely you've plenty of time to do that during the day?"

"Good-night, darling," repeated Elizabeth softly. She heard his footsteps heavy on the stairs.

After Simon had gone, she sat for a long time at the writing-desk which stood in the big bay window that occupied the greater part of the western wall space. The pen slanted laxly in her fingers. She could not make up her mind if David had done it wilfully. She told herself not to be absurd, that he could not possibly have had any knowledge of her feeling for Jeremy. Simon and she had very nearly parted. After three bitter months they had decided, for the sake of their daughter, to try to make a success of their life together. But they were both so desperately bored. It had been agreed that neither of them would ever refer to the matter. And they had kept the agreement. She had forced herself to stifle the love that cried out for utterance every time she saw Jeremy . . . had tried to fool herself that she could look at him coolly and analytically. She had built a brittle armour of unreal content.

"*Keeps raining all the time . . . the time . . .*" she whispered the words of the silly song. She looked at the pad that lay by the telephone. There was one message. "Would Sir Simon and Lady Thurwed dine with Mrs. Milwood on the 18th?" She supposed they would . . . and again on the 26th and the 7th . . .

"*. . . so weary all the time . . .*"

Jeremy was a better actor than she was . . . or perhaps he wasn't hurt any longer. She knew one couldn't go on at the same tension for always.

"*. . . life is bare . . . gloom and misery everywhere . . .*"

Elizabeth felt that she had to find out what Jeremy would say if she suddenly called him up—now. She must know what that old record had done to him. She smiled. It would be humiliating if he had never even noticed it! She heard the grinding of brakes as a taxi drew up at a house opposite.

"*. . . can't go on . . . everything I had is gone . . .*"

Elizabeth stretched out her hand for the telephone.

The next morning, before leaving for the office, Simon popped his head into his wife's bedroom to see if she were awake. On this occasion he was astonished to observe that the bed had not been slept in. Thinking that she might have fallen asleep in the drawing-room, and that the housemaid might have hesitated to disturb her, he hurried down; only to find everything spick and span and ready for the day. He breakfasted in high dudgeon, and determined to speak severely to Elizabeth upon his return that evening.

THE following Thursday Audrey's "girls' luncheon" assembled at her house in Eaton Square. Never at a loss for topics of conversation, this morning, after a tentative avoidance of the subject, they were giving their views on Elizabeth's dramatic flight with Jeremy.

"The one I feel sorry for is poor Simon," said Jane indignantly.

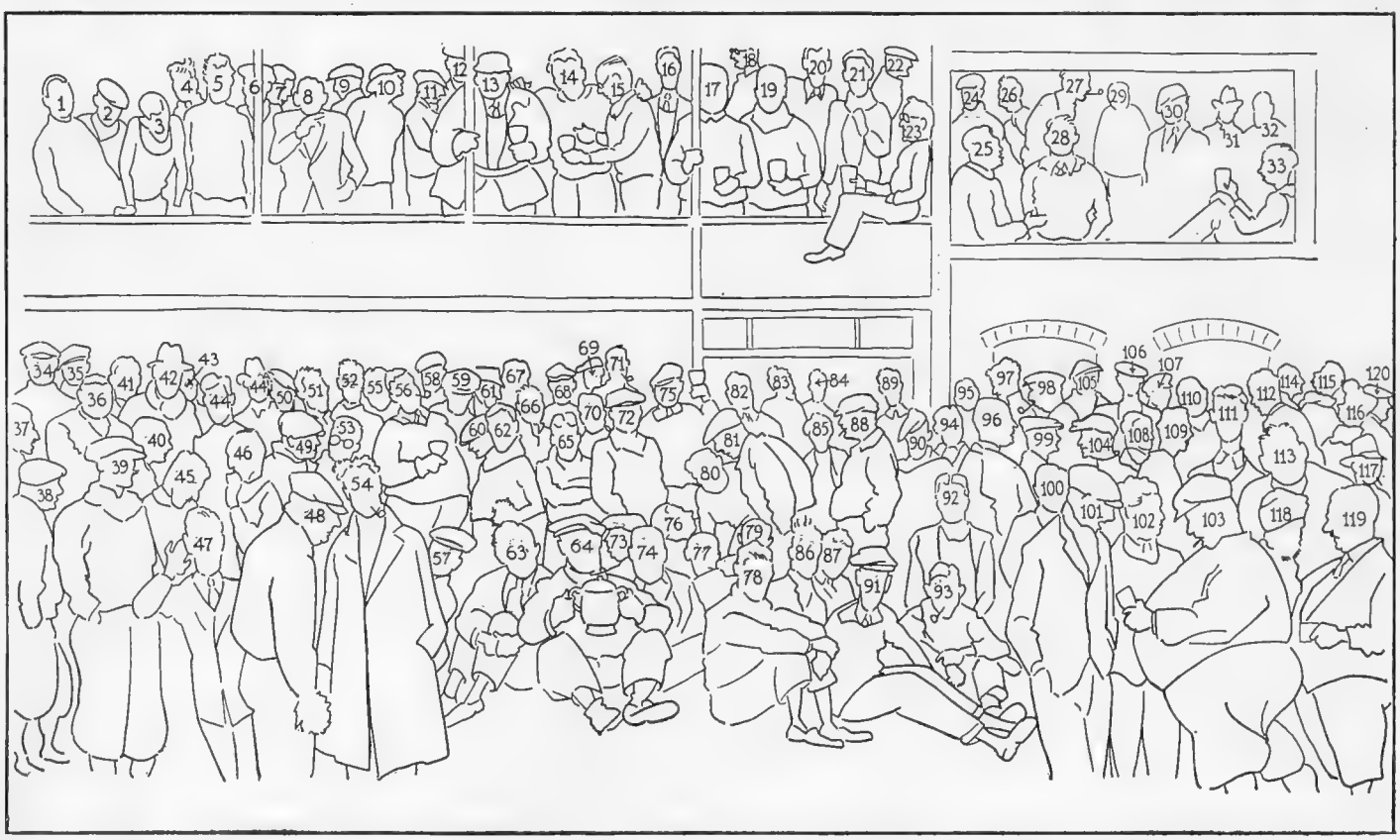
"Had you any idea, Audrey?" demanded Norah.

Audrey paused. Truth to tell she had had no idea; but she *did* have a reputation to maintain for seeing further than most. She hesitated before answering.

"Well," she said finally, "I thought the other night at David's that Elizabeth behaved most peculiarly. David played some old gramophone records and Elizabeth never took her eyes off Jeremy's face the whole time."

Norah finished her sherry. "And Elizabeth was to have been here to-day!" She lit a cigarette. "It just shows, in the words of Mr. Coward—or was it Miss Lawrence?—how extraordinarily potent cheap music is!"

Key to Harris's Colour Cartoon of Halford Hewitt Cup Players on pp. 62—63



1. S. R. Martyn. 2. R. E. Butterworth. 3. R. C. H. Crawford. 4. A. D. Cave. 5. G. Illingsworth. 6. F. E. Blackston. 7. Dr. Pye-Smith. 8. Bernard Darwin. 9. Col. P. Dickinson. 10. R. H. de Montmorency. 11. Vic Longstaffe. 12. S. H. Thompson. 13. John Morrison. 14. Joe Fairlie. 15. John Beck. 16. "Monty" Ravenhill. 17. Guy Bennett. 18. "Kong" Middleton. 19. Cyril Gray. 20. R. H. Oppenheimer. 21. Eric Martin Smith. 22. Sir E. Holderness. 23. Noel Layton. 24. Hon. M. Scott. 25. Cyril Tolley. 26. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow. 27. M. Creswick. 28. D. H. Martin. 29. Blank. 30. E. Storey. 31. R. G. Morrison. 32. Blank. 33. Dale Bourn. 34. Captain D. Fish. 35. Marshall Thompson. 36. F. H. B. Shaw. 37. Dr. Gardiner-Hill. 38. Alan Macbeth. 39. L. G. Crawley. 40. G. C. Stokoe. 41. H. G. Davies. 42. A. Walker. 43. J. K. Mathews. 44. K. Komstam. 44a. R. McKinna. 45. Ernest Board. 46. Capt. E. Hawkins. 47. St. George Hewitson. 48. Lieut.-Col. J. T. Moore-Brabazon. 49. E. Blanch. 50. P. W. E. White. 51. Leslie Garnett. 52. A. W. Gibbs. 53. E. M. Esdale. 54. Bernard Drew. 55. Dr. R. I. Hyder. 56. R. S. Mays-Smith. 57. A. Raworth. 58. A. H. Gillingan. 59. Darsie Watson. 60. D. W. Turner. 61. J. H. Harvey. 62. Morley Brown. 63. Ben Travers. 64. Halford Hewitt. 65. A. McNair. 66. A. F. Garnham. 67. E. D. Elliott. 68. Major C. W. Wallace. 69. Hon. T. W. Coke. 70. A. G. Adams. 71. E. R. Campbell. 72. Capt. E. Barrett. 73. H. R. Dottridge. 74. G. L. Mellin. 75. C. O. I. Ramsden. 76. Paul Stables. 77. C. O. Bristowe. 78. L. B. Sanderson. 79. Blank. 80. A. P. W. Bowley. 81. J. C. Gurney. 82. "Glaxo" Maugham. 83. L. V. Lowe. 84. E. M. Wellings. 85. Stanley Anderson. 86. I. H Patey. 87. L. J. Shearing. 88. W. V. Wakefield. 89. L. C. Nunnerly. 90. R. S. Belasco. 91. F. G. C. Weare. 92. Henry Longhurst. 93. H. C. Neilson. 94. J. D. Lowen. 95. R. W. C. Hobbs. 96. R. C. Petherbridge. 97. R. Lintott. 98. Major W. H. Callender. 99. Major A. C. McLachen. 100. G. Whightman. 101. Tony Torrance. 102. W. B. Torrance. 103. Major W. H. Aitken. 104. S. H. Fry. 105. R. A. Sheppard. 106. Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans. 107. A. W. Hawes. 108. A. T. Barber. 109. K. S. Ryle. 110. A. S. Hoare. 111. J. Boyce. 112. C. L. Blunt. 113. Major R. B. Vincent. 114. J. R. Turner. 115. Lister Hartley. 116. Rex Hartley. 117. S. H. Partridge. 118. H. S. Malik. 119. G. W. Allen. 120. Wing-Com. J. C. M. Lowe.

The Oxford and Cambridge ski team was in Norway for three weeks, hospitably entertained by the Oslo Slalom Club, and though they were no match in team events for the kanonen of the Norwegian Ski Club, individuals did well, notably Palmer-Tomkinson and Kessler. In the group are: Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson, Per Fossum, Duncan Kessler, Sv. Lassen-Urdahl, Peter Wrenford, Arne Ullstein, Mike Anderson, Nils Eie, John Curle, Sigurd Brinch, Joe Cunningham, Johan Kvernberg, Allan Albery, Olav Raabe, Geoffrey Appleyard and Einar Bergsland

Duncan Kessler (Oxford) and Peter Wrenford (Cambridge) were photographed on the homeward journey. Kessler came fourth out of a field of two hundred and fifty in the open slalom at Ustaoset

Universities' Ski Teams In Norway

Another homeward bound picture on board the s.s. Venus is of the captain of the ship and the captain of O. and C. team, J. Palmer-Tomkinson, who was awarded the prize for the best foreigner competing at Spiterstulen, where he tied first in the slalom

The racing took place in three places, Ustaoset, Myrdal and Spiterstulen; after the meeting at the last-named the two teams and some supporters set out for a three-days' ski-hike across the hills to the fiords. These photographs were taken en route

The Pytchley Point-to-Point at Great Brington

Captain and Mrs. Archer Clive were at the Pytchley meeting. He is General Sir Sydney Clive's son and is in the Grenadier Guards. She was Penelope Portman before their marriage three years ago

Lord Spencer and Mrs. Andrew Fergusson walked round together. Lord Spencer's place, Althorp, is in the Pytchley country; the first Lord Spencer was the hunt's first Master in the eighteenth century

Steeplechase Fever

Point-to-Points, Hunter Trials and the Hawthorn Hill Meeting

Above, right: Lady Allerton, Lady Manton and Lord Allerton watched a race together in the bright April sunshine

Right: Sir Keith and Lady Fraser went to the Pytchley point-to-point from their home, Carlton Curlieu Hall, near Leicester. They spent about two months in St. Moritz this winter

Below: Lord Cranbrook and Lord Dunwich, Lord Stradbroke's eldest son, were at the Easton Harriers' point-to-point in Suffolk. They are both J.P.s and County Councillors of that county

Pytchley Point-to-Point Winner

Miss A. M. Everitt had just won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race on her Mr. Cinders III. She was first by twenty lengths out of a field of eleven

Lord Cranbrook and Lord Dunwich

The Albrighton Woodland Hunter Trials

This grand action picture was of Miss B. Bean's Airtrip and Mrs. M. H. Tollit's June taking the water jump at Chaddesley Corbett, near Kidderminster, where the Albrighton Woodland trials were held

The Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Katherine Bigham, Lord Lansdowne's elder sister, were photographed at the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Marsh were at the Warwick Spring Meeting a few days after their wedding. He is the well-known G.R.; she was Betty Jessop, Maj. Jessop's daughter

At Hawthorn Hill

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton walked ... and Mrs. Robert

Picnic Lunch at the Beaufort Point-to-Point

Above: the Duchess ... Norfolk is with ... G. A. Murray Smith, ... husband was riding ... days, and just mi... getting a place on Prin... Error on the second

Left: the picnic party at ... Beaufort Meeting were ... Westmorland and h... daughters, Miss Jun... and Mi...

Women's Golf — Two Good Wins

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

NOTHING is better fun that the unexpected in golf, and I am sure that Middlesex will not take it amiss if such a description is applied to their win over Essex at Thorndon Park which opened the South-Eastern division season. No county wins the championship, has an English champion at its head, its own champion second, an open semi-finalist third, and an English semi-finalist fourth, without collecting a goodly portion of prestige, especially as all those honours have been annexed in the last year and a-half. On their own course, too.

Yes, by all the paper that was ever blotted with wrong prophecies, Essex ought to have won. That they failed to do so was, as I see it, because Middlesex have at last got some fresh players in the side, full of enthusiasm and the will to win. Again, I do hope that none of the tried, trusty and true brigade who have seen so much service for this, and other counties, will take offence. They have done nobly, and if their successors do half as well, for half so long, their side may be grateful to them. But a very great authority on team golf said to me the other day that you can't go on playing successfully for a county unless you are mad keen about it, ready to give up almost everything for the side, and that this type of enthusiasm is bound to wear itself out sooner or later. Therefore, she argued, you want young players, or anyway, fresh players, in any team, to whom a county match is a thrill.

I agree with every word, and would add to the remarks one of my own, which is that the whole side gains in confidence from having fresh players, who have no memory of past beatings from the same opponents, such as old stagers inevitably have. If you cannot win with one team, try another, is a pretty sound maxim. After which digression on why Middlesex won, let me try and tell you how they did it.

NOBODY could want a better match than the top one, in which Mrs. Beck beat Mrs. Garon at the nineteenth with a run up laid dead. The golf was really good—Mrs. Garon out in 38 and only one up, and both of them played the short holes well, which is always such an indication of class, but Mrs. Garon's putting perhaps was not at quite its most beautiful and best. Particularly at the seventeenth, for when Mrs. Beck's second only found the outskirts of the green, and hers was not more than five yards from the pin, all looked over. But she took three putts, on a slippery slope, and paid for it with the match.

MRS. WALKER must have played good golf, too, for she was out in 38 and had two of the short holes in 2 (one nearly in one, in fact). Even so, she only got home on the last green from Mrs. Beeson, which suggests that Mrs. Beeson is going to win plenty of matches for Middlesex this year, as she has done before for Norfolk. Their other débutantes, Mrs. Pilkington and Miss Jacqueline Gordon, of Girl championship note, managed to win, but nobody knew what had happened to Miss Regnart and Miss Wilkins, who had vanished in search of a nice cup of tea on this first warm day of spring, and it was only on getting in to do likewise that the rest of Middlesex knew their joyful fate.

The only pity about going to that match was missing the wedding of Miss Mary Peech to Mr. Gordon Graham Pyke. Golfers were there by the dozen, Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Bridget Newell amongst the bridesmaids, and from the accounts enthusiastically retailed next day at the Sandy Lodge open meeting, the bride looked really lovely, not only in conventional phrase, and her dress the most beautiful I've seen for many a day.

SANDY LODGE

Of the many delights of the real golfing year, the opening Sandy Lodge open meeting is de luxe,

The Jubilee Scratch Challenge Cup

Miss Dix Perkin was runner-up, five strokes more than Miss Phyllis Wade, the winner, who completed the course at Sandy Lodge in consistent and elegant style and 75 strokes—three less than any score that has yet won the Cup

and the 1937 model for the Silver Jubilee scratch challenge trophy was no exception. The weather was delicious, as it always has been for this event, arrangements perfect, prizes delectable, and a winning score of real merit from a first-class golfer, to wit, Miss Phyllis Wade. For once there was no doubt that she was the player to follow, or having followed, to stick to. She worked up better and better, and by the end of the round was hitting the ball in a fashion that made it appear very right that she should have won the English and been runner-up in it at her two last attempts. The greens, though less fiery than sometimes, were none the easier for the difficult winter weather, but the greenkeeper had been kindly in his choice of places for the hole; Miss Wade, for example had twos at both the eighth and the eighteenth, the eighth being a real gem of a shot, pitching five foot dead straight past the pin and actually running back a couple of inches towards it. Her other two was got by holing a seven-yard putt, the only long one of the round. Altogether, an impressive show, 37 out, 38 home, and 75 is the lowest total on the cup so far.

Miss Dix Perkin's 80 was second scratch score, and other winners were Mrs. Clemens, Miss Goddard, Miss Ormerod and Mrs. Adams, whose 71 net brought her handicap down three. Fiona Morris is a Girls' championship competitor who often does well at Sandy, but she is one of the many casualties of the moment, being only just convalescent after having her appendix out. However, there is plenty of time before September and Stoke Poges.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Two captions to pictures of the Middlesex Ladies' Championship on page 40 of last week's issue were incorrect: they stated that Miss Jacqueline Gordon was beaten 7 and 6 by Mrs. Beck, when she was really beaten 2 and 1; and that Mrs. Pilkington beat Miss Patrick and Miss Chambers, when it was really Mrs. Beeson who beat them. We much regret these mistakes.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Sunningdale Foursomes

THE Sunningdale Foursomes tournament, in which any golfer, whether amateur or professional, male or female, good or bad player, is entitled to enter, attracted an extremely good entry again this year and provided many most exciting matches in which super shots at a crisis, assisted by a certain amount of luck, turned almost certain defeat into certain victory.

In these foursomes professionals play off plus 2, all ladies off 4, and all other golfers, including assistant professionals, off scratch, and the matches are played off three-quarters of the difference of the handicaps. This handicapping has worked out extremely well: no pair has won yet without finding itself at least once on its way to victory in a critical situation.

THERE were many who said that they had picked out Dai Rees and Stanley Anderson as the certain winners as soon as they had seen the draw, but these people did not make their selection known until their horses were past the post.

One or two considered that it was unfair that Rees, who became the unofficial match play professional champion by winning the last *News of the World* tournament, should play off scratch, but it is, of course, also unfair that all the professionals, bar ladies, should play off the same handicap, as everyone knows that some professionals are in a different class as golfers to others in the same profession.

This tournament at Sunningdale assuredly does not look as if it was a certainty for Rees and his partner if you study the results. They won their first match on the twenty-first green and their second and third matches on the eighteenth green, so they can not possibly have had a great deal in hand.

Anderson is not long, but is well known as an extremely able exponent of the short game and actually in the final made fewer mistakes than his more famous partner.

IN the final the winners played most excellent match play golf to reach the turn in approximately 34 strokes, their only mistakes being a pushed-out second at the second hole, where they took five and three putts on the ninth green, Rees being the offender in both cases. After they had drawn level by doing the third hole in three for the fourth consecutive time, they never looked like being beaten.

Hannay, who had played so gallantly and fought so bravely, appeared to be a tired man in the final, and although R. G. French, his partner, who is an assistant at the Berkshire G.C., played as well as man can he could not quite hold his side together. French made only one bad shot—namely, when he pulled his second to the tenth green, and was cruelly punished, as his shot finished in casual water in a hazard; while Rees, who had played a much worse shot, found a reasonable lie in heather from which his partner had no trouble in reaching the green to win the hole in five.

When four up with seven to play, the winners had a complete crash at the twelfth and then looked like losing the thirteenth as well, where the rule concerning casual water through the green gave them, most unjustly, a very considerable advantage; from where their ball lay in casual water it was not possible to reach the green, but after dropping in accordance with the rules, Anderson was able to play a shot to the green, and Rees then took full advantage of their colossal good fortune by holing the putt for a 3, after which French, as well he might, missed a short one for the half.

Nevertheless, I do not think that this piece of good luck affected the final result. A 4 by means of a chip and a putt gave Rees and Anderson victory on the fourteenth green.

Winners of the Sunningdale Foursomes

D. J. Rees, the clever young Surbiton assistant, and A. Stanley Anderson (Hindhead) won the Sunningdale Mixed Open Foursomes by beating G. D. Hannay (Berkshire) and R. G. French (Berkshire assistant) in the final by 5 and 4

John Morrison—

—and his Caddie

Mr. Morrison entered with Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and lost to the runners-up by 2 and 1 in the fourth round; his caddie, Jim, is even more of a Sunningdale character than Mr. Morrison himself, having been with the club since its foundation at the beginning of the century. Eighty-two years old, this doyen of the corps of caddies had until recently a flowing patriarchal beard which has since been trimmed by a greenkeeper

OF the fifty-eight matches played during this tournament, no fewer than twenty-one went to the eighteenth green or beyond, and a large number finished on the seventeenth green, so, after all, it does not appear that there was very much wrong with the handicapping.

Brig.-Gen. Critchley who, owing to Miss Fishwick delaying her return from her yachting trip in the West Indies, had to put up with the Open champion as partner, met with a most unlucky defeat.

When Padgham and his partner were dormy 2 and had hit a good tee shot to the seventeenth hole and their opponents had pulled theirs behind the trees on the left, the match appeared over. W. Price, who plays off a handicap of 5 at the Farnham G.C., had, however, other views, declared he could see a gap through the trees, and played straight through it to the green, where his partner and home professional, F. Wallis, showed his appreciation by holing the putt for a 3. Price and his partner went on to win at the twentieth, where the opposition was bunkered from the tee.

[I thought you were going to write that a match is never lost until it is won.—EDITOR.]

I.16a.

the crucial moment—
and
your fly succumbs
to the
irresistible attractions
of
a tree ! . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps
you
to survive
that
maddening moment . .

whilst
you tie on
another fly
for that fish
which is,
very obligingly,
still rising ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

The Last Match, and the Season in General

Wales Lost to Ireland, 5—3

The Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, shook hands with the teams before the Belfast International, a poor game in poorer weather, when the Welsh won the season's wooden spoon by losing by a goal to a penalty goal

So we have crossed the Irish Channel for the last time this season, and the fog which descended upon us during the return journey was no worse than the mental fog which seemed to obscure the football sense of the players in the match between Ireland and Wales.

A poor match, and a sad ending to the International year.

It was an anti-climax, perhaps, and it is hard to expect players to find representative form in April, particularly when Easter has occupied them the week-end previously. Even so, it was wretched stuff, with some foolish scrapping by the forwards to reduce it to the lowest level. As an Irishman said to me afterwards: "If this is what International football brings us to, we'd better chuck it altogether." And then he added: "What a great game it used to be, though, and could be again."

For myself, I don't feel as depressed as that. It was disappointing to see two potentially fine sides wasting their abilities so unnecessarily, but much may be forgiven to April footballers. The season is over long, a fact which was abundantly proved at Belfast.

There was another point more worth noting. M. Allan, of Scotland, who was in charge, is a meticulous referee. He does his best to apply the laws literally. Quite rightly, many would say. If the laws exist, they must be applied without the elasticity of interpretation. Mr. Allan attempted to adhere to the letter of the scrummage laws. He gave many penalties against front-row offenders. He did his best, but eventually he was beaten, and first come, first served was the hooking practice.

It is a habit nowadays to bewail the increase of cheating, to say that too many players deliberately seek to evade the laws. At Belfast it was evident that the laws themselves are at fault, and that players would find it virtually impossible to obey them. If the International Board, in their wisdom, would confine their activities to making the laws simple and practical, there would be no need for letters to International match referees.

Now what about the International season as a whole? First we must count England lucky to be champions, remembering those snatched victories over Wales and Ireland. One phase of England's play this year does deserve praise—the solid work of the forwards. The purist would not agree that the Selectors have produced an ideal pack. The front row was too uneven for that, and the English scrummaging science was limited to heeling. If the pack had its limitations, though, and could not be compared to the best packs of the post-war era, it was at least stolidly effective. It reminded us of the past glories of scrummaging, and revised our conception of future tendencies. The real forward, I believe, will come back into his own, especially if the authorities give him intelligible scrummage laws.

One more noteworthy fact about the England side—in F. J. Reynolds we appear at last to have found a constructive stand-off half, a player who has broken the recent habit of stereotyped and mechanical passing. Attack is again possible, and opportunism grows less important.

At one time, Ireland might have reckoned themselves with justice the best side of the year. Oddly enough, their forwards failed them in the tight, and their promising back division was given few real chances to develop co-ordinated tactics. Still, Ireland had in G. J. Morgan the finest scrum-half in the four countries, and we shall not soon forget the pluck of little Cromey, or the dash of Moran, or the magnificent mid-field defence of Bailey and McMahon.

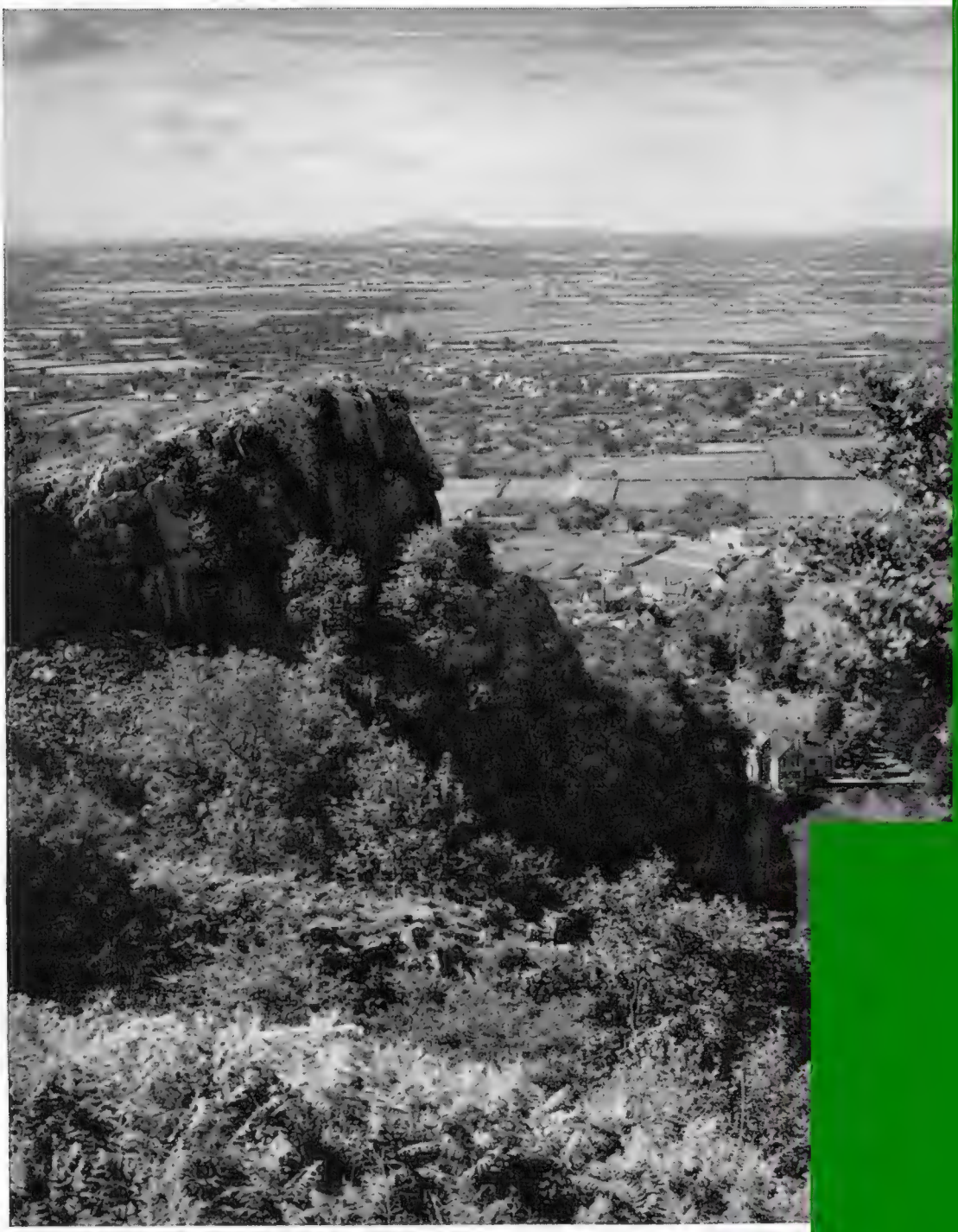
Scotland missed R. C. S. Dick sadly in their last two matches. With him to enliven the centre they might have had a more impressive record. Possibly, though, they did not end the season without hope. In D. J. Macrae they have found a personality and a very likely centre into the bargain. He may have considerable influence in due course. Whether they would consider that their experiment of picking good forwards, irrespective of their specialist positions in the scrummage, had succeeded I do not know. I should say that it requires tempering somewhat, for the Scottish scrummaging against England was indifferent, to put it mildly.

As for Wales, they disappointed their best friends once more. When Swansea and Wales beat the New Zealanders last year another golden era of Welsh Rugby seemed to be opening up. There were brilliant backs in plenty, and fine forwards. What has happened to them now?

The injury to Cliff Jones was a setback, more serious than we thought at the time, and Welsh back play never seemed to recover from it. A pity, for the players are still there. They are like fine actors who fail for want of a great producer. Let us hope that next year they may fulfill our expectations.

This line-out near the Welsh goal-line shows the ball badly passed to Tanner. Neither back line was conspicuous for much but mistakes (the one try of the game was the result of a mistake) and the forwards confined attack to kick-and-rush tactics. There were 23 penalties, almost equally divided. Excuses for this may have been Belfast's depressing weather and depressing emptiness in the spectators' stands

This England . . .



The Mendip

Beneath the south-western face of the great Mendip
at the foot of its famous gorge. Old as a place, it w
miner and Saxon counsellor (two Witenagemots were held h
places of English use and habitation—beautiful. In the seve
the making of the cheese that has made the name world-fam
said that it was specially invented to go with old English b
true or no, certain it is that this cheese is a most noble
Worthington—itself old, and English, and—some say—beau

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